



Youth

NOVEMBER 19, 1967

Religious Education

EXHIBIT

The School of Religion

the silent world of cathy
the passionate mind of eric hoffer
the creative isolation of every teen

cathy gawronski: the sound of silence



Think of how dependent your life is on sound. Take away bells, horns, whistles, alarm clocks, radio, phonographs—and think of some of the pain and problems their removal would cause. Eliminate the symphony orchestra, the roar of a waterfall, the screams of a crowd at a football game, the song of birds—and voices: parents, friends, teachers. What would your world be like?

BY PAUL BUCK / The clock on the wall indicates the Chemistry class has come to an end. No bell rings; instead a light flashes on and off. The five or six students and their teacher gathered around a bunsen burner are not immediately aware of the light. Finally, a pretty blonde girl looks up and then gestures to the others. Her name is Catherine Gawronski. Catherine is deaf, as are the others in her class at the Pennsylvania School for the Deaf.

Cathy has never heard bells ring. When she talks with you she must lip read, a skill in which she has become very proficient. But, even with Cathy's skill at lip reading, her's is a difficult world.

She entered the Pennsylvania School for the Deaf in Philadelphia when she was six. She was taught to speak with a voice she has never heard. Most children who have been deaf from birth are considered two to five years "educationally retarded" when they start school because language, by which we learn nearly all we know, has been non-existent or severely limited during their vital learning years from six months to six years when formal schooling normally begins.

In spite of her handicap, Cathy has achieved a great deal in her 18 years. She was secretary of her senior class, co-captain of the hockey team, homecoming queen, and an honor student. In addition, she played varsity basketball, volley ball and badminton and belonged to the modeling and hairdressing clubs. The modeling club put on a fashion show at one of the area's leading department stores. Cathy, who is meticulous about her appearance, modeled a variety of clothing from mod styles to a dramatic evening gown.

But with all her successes, Cathy's handicap has left its scars. Learning to understand Cathy might be likened to speaking with someone who has a heavy accent. Once you get accustomed to her voice, it really isn't difficult to communicate. Yet, in the hurry of today's world, there are not enough people who are willing to take the time to communicate with someone whose speech is slightly different.

Cathy has no close hearing friends. She has a cousin with whom she talks and to whom she has taught the sign language with which deaf people communicate, but she sees her rarely. Cathy has never dated a hearing boy. In fact, the only boy she has dated is her fiance whom she met at school. Often deaf students are ridiculed because of their handicap. Therefore, they withdraw into a silent world and acquire a basic distrust of hearing people. One senses this about Cathy who is attractive, intelligent and poised, who has a lot to offer and does so when with her classmates and other deaf friends, but who remains aloof in a hearing world.

In an effort to combat this, Thomas Kennedy, a math teacher and coach at P.S.D., has initiated a program of informal socials with hearing students from outside schools.

Karen Saltonstall, a junior at nearby Springside school, was one of a group from her school who visited P.S.D. Karen said of the all-girl experience, "It was really great! At first we were all apprehensive, we didn't know if we could get across to them, and vice-versa. But they are really exactly like us! Most people would never think of going to talk to deaf people. It is really amazing that they can read your lips and understand what you are talking about. We talked about everything. There aren't any barriers between us."

Mr. Kennedy met with Karen and her classmates in P.S.D.'s snackbar for an orientation session. He told them that all deaf people do not have the same lip-reading ability nor the same speech intelligibility. He suggested that they speak slowly while looking at the person to whom they were talking and that they give visual "clues" such as gestures and facial expressions to help convey what was being said.

Youth/

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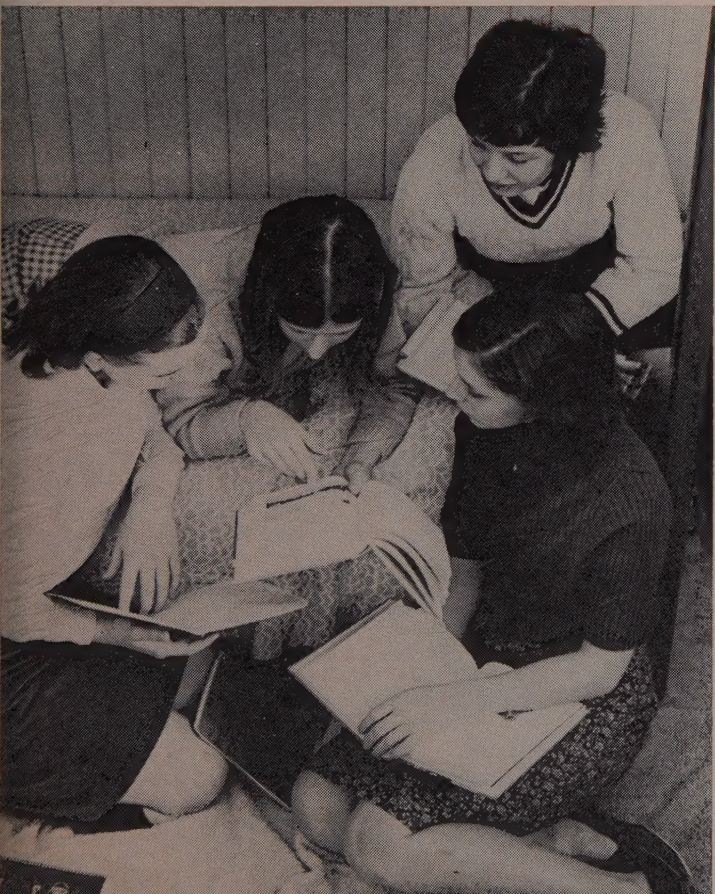


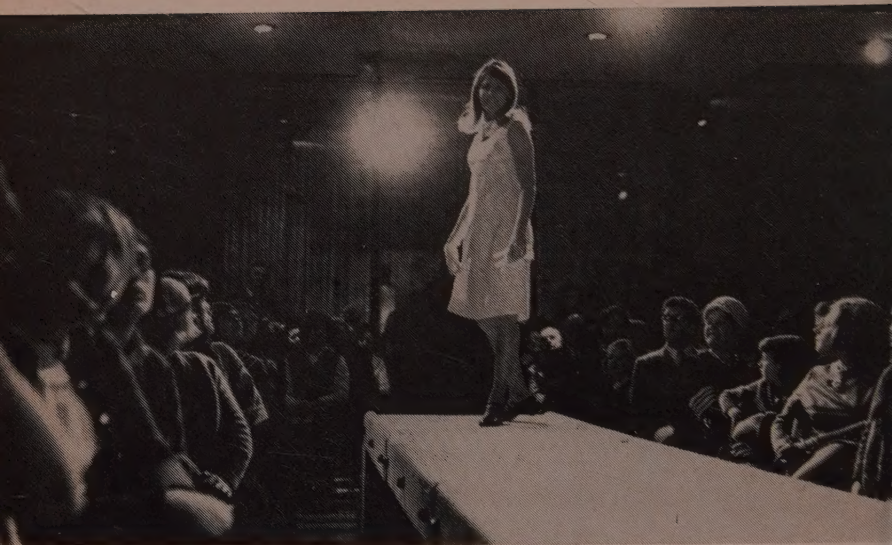
The communication between the students was oral (no writing or sign language allowed) and it wasn't long before the girls were talking about a common problem and delight—boys. The schools hope to continue this exchange and eventually to include the boys. Karen thought it would be a wonderful experience to date a deaf boy.

How do you learn to talk if you can't hear? Mr. Richard Bevans, audiologist at P.S.D., tests the incoming students' hearing and determines their degree of deafness. Most students have some residual hearing, but it is not in the range of the speaking voice. Mr. Bevans fits them with a hearing aid and works closely with the teachers in helping to communicate with the students on an individual basis.

It has been said that deaf persons can learn anything that you can communicate to them. So, the school's first job is to teach language—using sight, touch, and any residual or partial hearing the child has. Students are first taught phonics by watching the lip formation of the teacher, touching the teacher's face and feeling the vibrations,

how do you learn without voices to imitate?





the deaf often distrust hearing people

studying photos of tongue movements, and hearing highly-amplified sound of their and the teacher's voice. After much practice, sounds are combined into words. Words are given meaning by relating them to an object or a picture of the object. But there are problems: a deaf girl can understand the physical act of running, she may be confused when you refer to a run in her stocking or running a machine.

Cathy's parents are 1939 graduates of P.S.D. Her sister, June, is also a student at P.S.D. and is already a very popular girl, having recently won the citizenship award. The Gawronski's live in Doylestown, Pa. in an extremely visual environment. Should you push their front door bell, lamps which Mr. Gawronski has made flash on and off. Cathy's father is a housepainter who refinishes old furniture in his spare time. Her mother, who speaks beautiful English and can lip read with amazing speed, can take you on a tour of their home which is equal to a trip to the local museum.

Approximately 75 per cent of the students at P.S.D. were born deaf; the remaining 25 per cent are deaf as the result of disease or accident. But, whatever the cause of their handicap, P.S.D. attempts to prepare its students to be self confident and self supporting. Students like Cathy can take nearly any vocational or academic subject found in public schools. In addition to math, chemistry and English, Cathy took courses in typing, business machine operation and office practices. Boys can take auto mechanics, barbering, printing, and shoe rebuilding. Cathy could have gone on to Gallaudet

College for the Deaf in Washington, D. C., but she has chosen to enter the business world, and then—marriage.

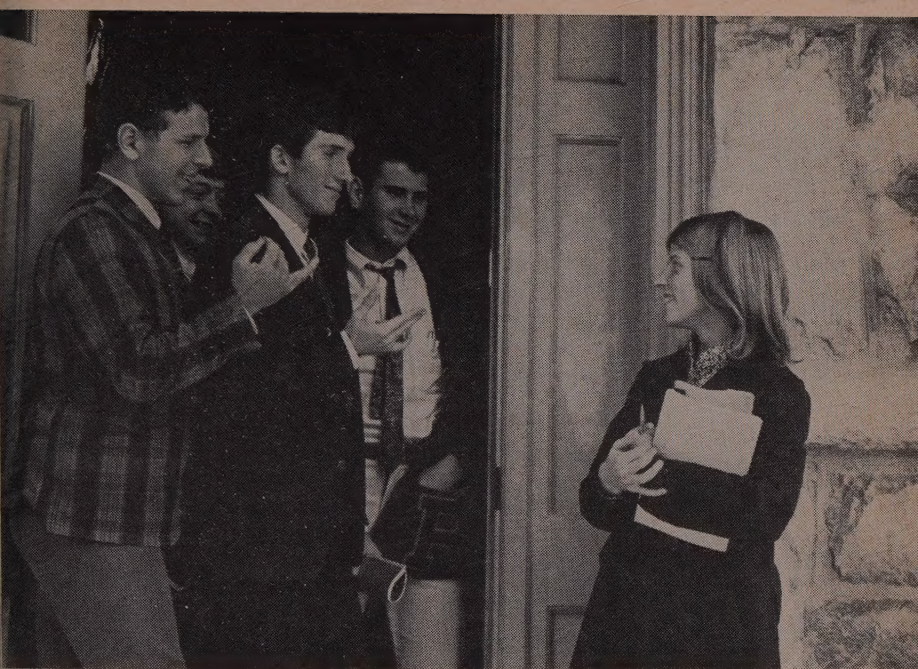
Unfortunately for Cathy, medicine cannot offer any hope of a magic solution to help her or her classmates. Most congenital deafness is the result of malformed auditory nerves. Surgery can correct some forms of middle ear deafness—but this form of deafness is relatively rare. Research is being done at John Hopkins and elsewhere, but the hope of the future appears to be not medicine, but education, as better teaching techniques are devised to educate the deaf.

Cathy and her classmates who have not had early sound stimulation often "forget" their hearing aids because of the distractions they cause, while children who have had this stimulation often get very excited when anyone attempts to remove their hearing aids even for testing purposes. Sound has become important to them and will benefit them immensely in the learning process. ▶

Children deaf from birth are not aware of sound, hence do not miss it. When Cathy







meet Cathy — and widen both your worlds

was asked what she would like to do first that involved hearing should hearing suddenly return, she had no response since she has no experience of sound by which to judge. A child who has lost his hearing from disease or accident presents another problem since he has experienced sound and will miss it. However, he can usually learn faster because he has had some experience of sound.

Cathy is not, however, relegated to a life of boredom. She dances—to the beat of the music which she picks up from vibrations; goes to the movies, watches TV, swims, rows, and enjoys visiting with her other deaf friends. Yet, friendships with hearing people would probably broaden Cathy's world. It would be a rewarding experience for you to meet someone like Cathy.

So, why not knock on a deaf door—it could set some lights to flashing, and brighten some new worlds, including your own. ▼

AUL BUCK / Mr. Buck is a free-lance writer-photographer from Philadelphia.

THE COFFEE-LADY

She had a huge empty pocketbook
and strands of gray rusty hair
through which the fog mysteriously moved.
And she had a paper,
probably picked up off the street.
It had no news
for her simple intelligence.

Big men in nice business suits
giggled behind her back
and the waitresses giggled with them—
for a bigger tip!

No one would wait on her.

Two rich women turned away
and started mumbling their shock,
"Did you see that?"

One waitress even lied and said
she was on her break—
just washing up a few glasses.

And mist was in this majestic lady's eyes . . .
she could understand the reason for war.
Today's news was that
no one would give her
one dime for one cup of coffee.

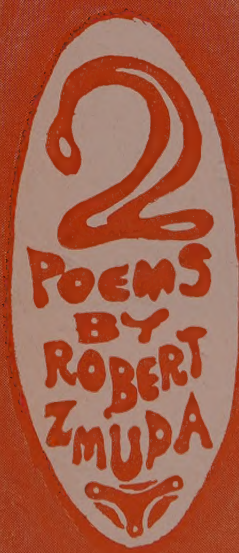
I had just finished a coke
and swallowed my pineapple pie.
I had nothing on me but a library card
and a transfer, and I knew
books could never tell me
how cruel life was.

I wondered if I was not human . . .
if I was the one who was inhuman
because I was a sucker
and felt sorry for her!

I no longer wanted a society's education
that told me to be hard,
and told me to deaden my senses
to everything but a flashing greenback.

I no longer wanted riches
but understanding.

Wasn't I a sad fool?
I was sick.
I slowly left that counter
and walked into a city
of anxious business



in a country of greater business
in a world of the deadliest type of business
and fully understood,
for the first time.
why the hell it was so non-conforming,
to stand up and say,
no matter what the cost,
I will not kill!"

THE LIE

soft light
glows from a candle
and falls
on the mysterious flower
someone gave me

I do not know its name
I still like it

flower which says
whatever it wants to say

(a little yellow
in the spot
where the black in the spot
was always meant to be)

Outside in space
a tree is grotesque with
beauty
a baby spider dangles from the floor
objects know.

the obscurity the silence
the pain

and the flower
in mystical darkness
of death and fire

is in crystal glass
is in delicate water
solitude.

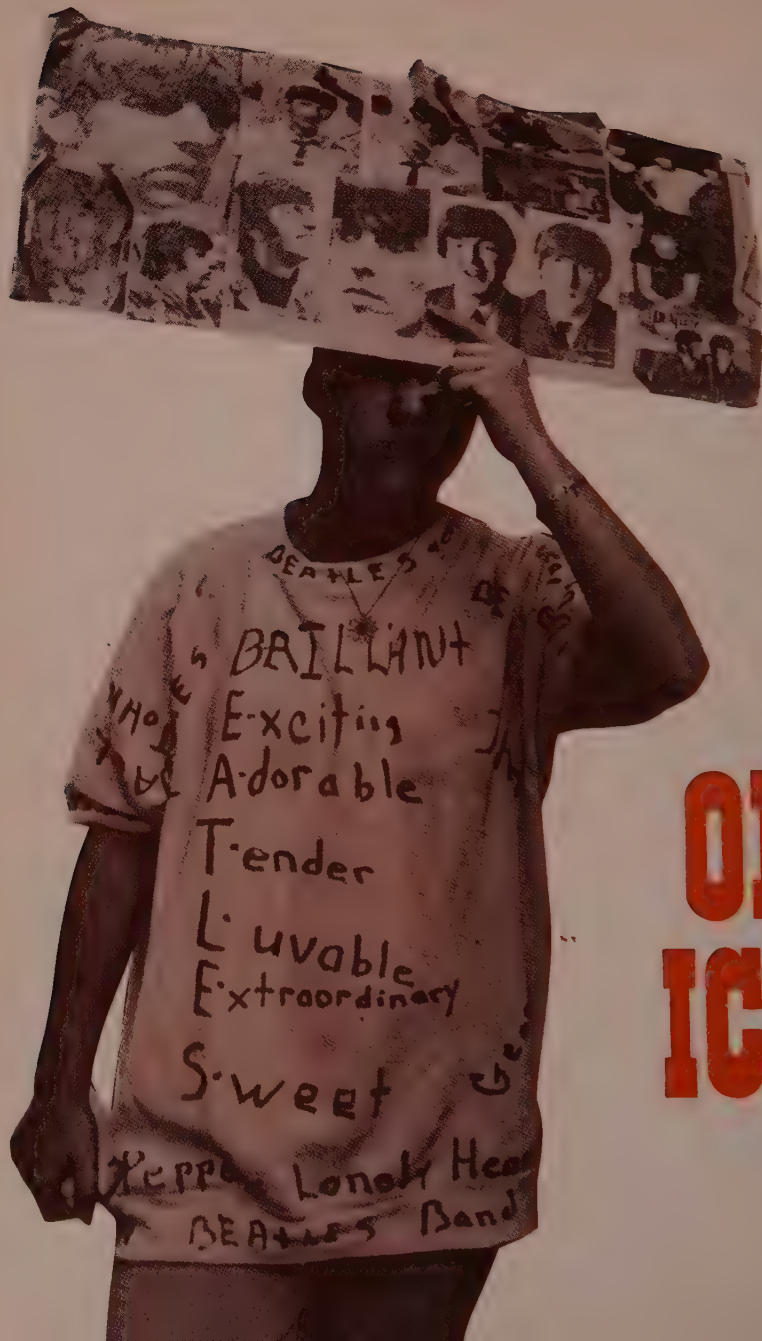
imagining more clarity
suffering the
details of knowledge

Radios say
precisely:
All you need is love
All you need is love

Love is all
is all
all

Robert Zmuda / 18
Pittsburgh, Pa.





ON
ICE

BY MYRNA BALK AND WILLIAM FINLAW / In many treatment centers for teen-agers, like State Hospitals and Juvenile Detention Homes, there is a therapeutic technique utilized by the staff, known as "Isolation." Correctly used, it is meant to be a time when a boy or girl who is upset or acting out in such a way as to injure himself or others, can be removed from the group and given time to sort himself out.

The staff may call it "Therapeutic Isolation" or any other euphemism, but universally the kids themselves refer to it as being "on ice." As in many other instances the young people seem to have cut right through all the mumble-jumble to the very heart of the matter. To be cut off from the rest of the group, in a way of speaking, is to be "on ice."

The reader may never have to worry about being in such a state in a treatment center, but if he is like most teen-agers, there are times when he does feel isolated, very much set apart from others. At first glance it may appear that all one has to do to avoid feeling isolated, is to surround himself with people, but if he studies the situation carefully, he will probably find that it is not this simple.

Two girls were overheard talking recently. They came from different backgrounds and ran around in different crowds. They only knew each other because they were seated together in an English class. One said to the other, "I envy you. You've got everything I want; friends, lots of activities, popularity." The other girl indicated that she was startled by these remarks, because she felt very incomplete herself, and thought that if she only had the looks and grades of the first girl, her life would be complete. Besides, she had assumed that the other girl was much more active and popular than she was. Isolation, it would seem, has nothing to do with geographical separation. One can feel "on ice" in the midst of a crowd, even an admiring one. Surrounding oneself with acquaintances and drowning oneself in activities, do not seem to guarantee that one will not feel isolated.

What causes this feeling of being all alone, even in the midst of people? A young lady wrote in response to a question about her feelings of loneliness:

"Things are changing so fast; my body, my goals, the way I view my family, the way I look at the world. My family complains that they don't know me anymore. How can they? I don't even know me! The song says, 'No man is an island,' but I feel like one. Can it be true that I'm the exception, that I am an island who doesn't need anybody, and especially adults? But I do need people. I know that. I need them to understand, or why does it hurt so much when they don't?"

These rambling thoughts of a very sensitive young person can give us some clues into the nature of isolation. Isolation can be defined as

Are there times when you feel isolated?

a feeling of being alone, of being set apart from others, of feeling that no one really cares. It is that sense all of us have sometimes, as if we did not make any real difference if we existed. It is a feeling of desperately needing people, while trying to fool ourselves at the same time that we could get along without them.

A seventeen-year-old writes:

"If I were to die tomorrow, what effect would it have on the world. My parents would cry, the kids would too, but in a few weeks that would all be over. Life would go on. My family would miss me sure, but it would get easier as the weeks turned into months. And a couple of weeks from now, even my best friend would be going to hops, and laughing and having fun just like they did before."

What this person is saying needs to be underscored. She is saying that it looks as if we need others more than they need us. And when we come to this realization, either consciously or unconsciously, it seems very devastating.

While isolation has to do then with not feeling as needed as we are, needful, it also has to do with feeling very different. Everyone has probably had the experience of being in a group and feeling like the only one who is not fitting in. You are left standing alone, every one else is in small gatherings. You approach a group and try to get involved. Soon the others disappear one by one, and you are left alone again. You wish you had never come. You get to the place where you think twice before accepting another invitation. You excuse yourself by saying, "They are too tight a clique. I don't like them. They are different." But are you not really feeling, "I don't fit in. They don't like me. I am different.?"

We have presented what we think might be the feelings of one who considers himself "on ice." We have described it as a feeling that one (and especially our parents) understands us, of being different, of needing others more than they do us, of not knowing whom we actually are, of aloneness.

Let us first say that if you are able to verbalize these kinds of feelings, you are one up on many of the young people with whom the authors work in our respective treatment centers. It takes a real security to be able to generate the courage necessary for a realistic self-look. Many of the kids we see do not dare to open that door, they fear that it will be ripped off at the hinges, incapable of ever being closed again. So first of all, to be able to ask these questions of yourself, points up that your parents have given you something; some secret ingredient which permits all this internal pondering. People like parents probably do not completely understand, and that hurts because someone has to, but would it hurt even more if they never tried? A "What in the hell did you do that for?" from an angry

parent, may be a more positive thing than we originally thought. Rubbed nerves are no problem when someone does not care. Ice water veined parents who are impervious to our actions can never be warm parents. The heat of anger may very well indicate a warmth of caring behind it.

Secondly, we have said that isolation is characterized by a feeling of being different. Of course you are different, like every one else is. But in your particularity, you have something to give, something another person has not experienced before, and will not until he meets and knows you. You have something to offer the world which *only* you can offer. On the other hand, if you sell your difference for the sake of blending in, you will be about as exciting as food which goes through a blender, a real "blah." A deep realization and acceptance of the fact of your differences can help you see where it is important to accent your particularity, (especially in areas of personal integrity) and where it is appropriate to tone down those differences for the sake of harmony.

Third, isolation is that feeling of needing people more than they need us. So often we get so wrapped up in these kinds of thoughts about ourselves that we forget that what is true for ourselves is true because it is universally so. Others feel that we need them less than they do us. We do not allow ourselves to see that while we are searching for meaning in our lives and trying to find it in our relationships with others, that they are undergoing the same agonizing search. They look to us for meaning in their lives just as surely as we look to them. Barbra Streissand is so right when she gives us the clue in song, that "People who (realize they) need people, are the luckiest . . ."

Closely related to this search for meaning is the fourth aspect of isolation, our not knowing who we really are. The same thing that we said about the universality of our need for people can also be said here. The difference comes in our acquaintance with people who do in fact seem to know who they are. You can be assured that they worked to get there, and it might be worth our while to try to find out from them what road they travelled. Miraculously, these are the people best equipped to help us, because they know that the road to self-knowledge is a lonely one, and they can remember with gratitude those who paused to help them find the way, and are anxious to transmit those same directions to you. This person may be a teacher, a clergyman, a school counsellor, a doctor. Self knowledge is certainly not a guaranteed find in these professions; some people within them would be the last people to seek out. But those around us, in the professions and just plain friends, who stick out as people with personal insight, are those with whom we should be asking the question, "Who am I?"

Finally, in its deepest sense, isolation has to do with that dreadful

feeling of aloneness. Sometimes it is as if we are invisible. We walk down the hall or the street, and no one seems to notice. We feel just like an island, plunked off a thousand miles from the mainland.

But we are not invisible and we are not a thousand miles from the nearest land. Aloneness is a self-imposed imprisonment. It is wanting always to be the object of the experience and never its subject. It is a wanting to be smiled at, rather than smiling. It is selfishness, a not being willing to take the risk of involvement for fear of injury. Certainly involvement hurts sometimes. Smiles are not returned, heads are turned away. But we cannot have the peaks of life without ever having valleys. That is a geographical fact. Life can be lived on a plateau with no valleys, but in terms of what we have said here, that would mean no peaks, no involvement, and no involvement means isolation.

How often we take for granted other's attempts at involvement, the miracle of having someone say "Hello" as he or she passes by. And if it never gets any further than the "hello", whose fault is it? The other persons? Are you sure?

Being "on ice" is not always a negative thing. If being in such a state tends to freeze one there, that is negative. But if separating himself from others is a way of giving himself time to thaw things out, this can be a very positive thing. What are you doing in your period "on ice"? Freezing or thawing?

"ON ICE" CHECK LIST

FREEZING

1. No one understands me.
2. I am different.
3. Nobody needs me.
4. I don't know who I am.
5. I am all alone.

THAWING

1. What I see as misunderstanding may indicate deep concern.
2. Viva my difference!
3. Need is universal.
4. I need to seriously search out who I am.
5. Involvement is worth the risk I have to take. ▼

MYRNA BALK AND WILLIAM FINLAW / Miss Balk is a caseworker in the Adolescent Unit at Boston State Hospital, Boston, Mass. The Rev. William Finlaw is Protestant Chaplain of the Juvenile Court and works with the Episcopal City Mission in St. Louis, Mo.



"I've got a son in there somewhere."

WHAT'S SO FUNNY?



GAREL in The Saturday Review

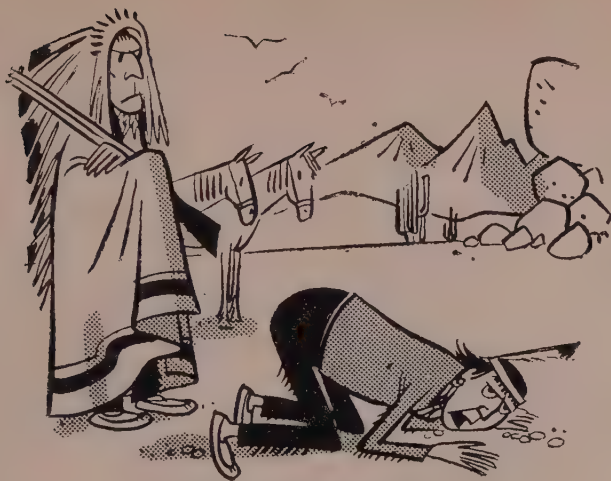
"We want something real nice to give
our daughter for not rebelling."



"Don't ask me. I'm a stranger here myself."



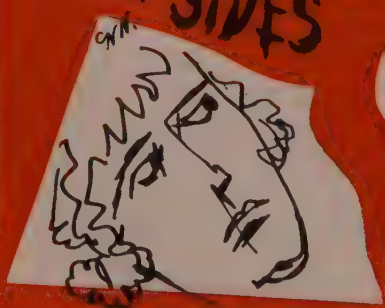
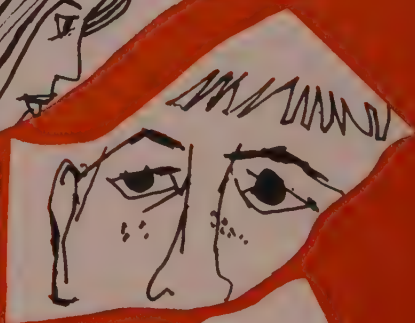
"Pray don't be alarmed. We've had a little coup back home, and I'm the new Ambassador."



"I hear women in cowboy gear,
walking down Carnaby-Street."



A
TRIANGLE
HAS 4
SIDES



BY PHYLLIS NAYLOR / Larry Bressler shoved his plate away and stared apathetically into the mirror behind the soda fountain.

"You want anything else?" the woman in the spotted uniform asked.

Larry shook his head and the woman turned back to the grill.

A heavy-set fellow plunked down on the stool next to him. "I see you're eating out," he said, opening the menu. "This must be the week your folks went to Florida. Brother! Your Dad's got it made! Sales conference in Miami every winter! Too bad they can't put you on the expense account too, huh?"

Larry tried to smile.

"Why don't you come over and stay with me?" the boy continued. "At least you'd have home cooking."

Larry fumbled in his pocket for change. "Thanks, Chuck, but I just stopped to get a sandwich on my way to the library. Mom's home."

"She didn't go along this year, huh?"

"No." Larry stood up. "Well, got to get working on my history paper. See you around."

"Right. Take it easy."

He knew, Larry decided as he made his way to the cashier. *Everybody knew*. Everybody knew that a pretty brunette named Evelyn was accompanying Dad to Florida this year and that the Bressler marriage was finished. The anger inside him was so great he could hardly breathe.

* * * * *

"Larry?"

He closed the door and threw his coat on a chair. "Yeah?"

A thin-faced woman came out of the kitchen. "Did you have lunch?"

"Yeah. I got a sandwich downtown."

Mrs. Bressler reached for the coat, frowning. "Why didn't you call? I had lunch all made for you."

"It's okay. I'll eat it for supper."

Larry went up to his room and spread his notebooks out on his desk. The phone rang and his mother answered it in the hall below.

Larry sat listening. Strange how sharp and shrill her voice was. Had it always been this way, or just since Dad left on this trip? He still remembered how it sounded the morning Dad went to the airport.

"Business is business," he'd heard his father say. "Evelyn is a member of the firm. She has as much right to go as anyone. . . ."

Mrs. Bressler's shrill laugh cut him off. "*Business!* Do you really think I believe that? Do you think I've been blind and deaf all these months—that there's one person in town who doesn't know what's going on?"

"All right, Betty, stop it! You could have come if you wanted to."

"And be humiliated?" Mother had screamed. "Sit there as your wife when. . . ."

Now, as Larry tried to organize his term paper, the same shrill voice came zigzagging up the stairs. Mrs. Bressler was talking to her sister:

"He said we'd talk about it when he got back. He thinks that's all there is to it—after 17 years. Well, he's in for a surprise, because I'm not giving him a divorce. I don't care what he does. He can move in with her, as far as I care. But I'm keeping the house, and I'm keeping him tied. . . ."

Larry's blood ran cold. He sprang up suddenly and slammed his door as hard as he could, rattling the windows and knocking the calendar off the wall. Then he sat down helplessly on the edge of the bed, soft choking noises in his throat.

A few moments later his mother opened the door.

"What in the world, Larry!" she scolded tensely. "Just what was that all about?"

"What do you care?" Larry cried savagely. "You take your revenge. I'll take mine. . . ."

* * * * *

He expected a blow-up when his father came home, but there was none. At first there was icy silence between his parents. Each morning Mr. Bressler rose first, made his coffee, and left the house. Each evening he came home long after dinner was over. On weekends, he came to the table as usual, ate silently, or asked Larry superficial questions about school. Some nights, and some weekends, he didn't come home at all.

Larry felt he couldn't stand it—the way things went on with no resolution. Maybe Dad wasn't going to ask for a divorce so Mom couldn't have the satisfaction of saying no. Maybe he'd already asked. Maybe he was sticking it out for Larry's sake. Maybe. . . .

He grew sullen with his mother, surly with his father. At dinner or

evening, when his father asked his grade on an algebra test, Larry snapped, "I don't want to answer any more questions, if you don't mind. I'm tired of carrying on a monologue. Find somebody else to talk to. You don't seem to have any trouble making friends."

Mr. Bressler stared at his son intently without speaking. Then he silently picked up his fork again. The cups and spoons clinked against the table. Mrs. Bressler's voice syrupy and smug, came from the other end of the table:

"Larry, how about you and I driving into Bradford Saturday night? We could eat out at a restaurant there, and. . ."

"No," Larry said through clenched teeth. "I'm not interested in being your escort either. Don't expect me to fill in the gaps."

Mr. Bressler stopped coming to church. Larry went with his mother, but always found an excuse to sit with someone else. Finally he went to see the minister one evening after school.

"Dad's loused everything up—for all of us," Larry said in the pastor's study. "Sometimes I hate him for it—the way he's carrying on an affair in . . . in public, practically. And yet, I think I hated him even more when it was secret. I feel like I hate Mom, too—I don't know why. I just wish she was different—warmer, I guess. And I suppose Dad does too. I guess that's what's wrong."

"It's hard to tell, Larry," Pastor James said. "It's a sorry situation, and it's hurting several people, but none of us knows the whole story."

Larry sat bitterly drumming his fingers on the arm of the chair. "That's all they think about—themselves. Dad, Mom, Evelyn . . . what do they care how I feel? They think a triangle only has three sides. They're wrong—it has four. They're all on a sinking boat and they'll pull me down with them."

"That's one place you're wrong, Larry," the pastor said, earnestly, leaning forward. "It's your life, and nobody can really run it but you. They can give you a rough time, it's true, but there's no reason your life has to turn out the same way unless you let it."

Larry walked home thoughtfully in the January cold. He'd been noticing a lot of things since the affair began almost a year ago. Little things that had gone on as long as he could remember—things he'd taken for granted the way you do when you live with somebody. He'd noticed how

Mom never waited dinner if Dad was late, no matter what the reason—she'd clear off the dishes promptly at six-thirty and Dad had to fix his own supper when he got home. He'd noticed the way Mom always went to bed early, leaving Dad to watch television or read alone. He noticed the way they forgot each other's birthdays—except perhaps for a joking remark at the table, and anniversaries weren't mentioned at all. It wasn't exactly the kind of home where husband and wife enjoyed each other, and he wondered if they ever had.

* * * * *

He had a double date on Friday night. Chuck Evans talked him into it. "I don't care what your dad does, Larry, you can't be a hermit," Chuck said. "Come on. I've got it all set up with Sally and Yvonne."

They took the girls bowling and then out to eat.

"I'm really hungry," Chuck said. "What say we drive out to Waterside Inn for fried shrimp or something?"

In the back seat, Sally learned her head on Larry's arm. "I really enjoyed tonight," she said.

Larry smiled down at her and realized he felt good for the first time in months. "I should have asked you out sooner."

Sally's eyes twinkled. "Yes," she said. "You should have."

The Waterside Inn was a favorite spot. Larry checked Sally's coat, and they all followed the head waiter to a red-clothed table near the back. Larry had just seated his date when his eye caught the man at the table behind him. He turned to see his father, his arm around Evelyn talking intimately.

Mr. Bressler looked up. Flushing, he took in the situation at a glance, waved a brief hello to Larry with two fingers and reached for his check. Larry stood like stone, neither returning the wave nor speaking. The brunette woman gathered up her purse and gloves and went out quickly through a side entrance, followed by Larry's father.

At four in the morning, Larry was still awake, staring at the pattern of light and dark on his ceiling. Earlier, he heard his mother sobbing in her room. Finally she had gone to sleep. But Larry's eyes felt too tense to close. He couldn't sleep.

At five, he got up, packed some things in his bag, took a twenty-dollar bill from his dresser, and crept outside. His father's car was still gone. He took a bus downtown and then the first Greyhound leaving the station. Fifteen miles out of town, on impulse, he got off the bus and walked a ha-

mile back to a motel. He took a room and lay down on the bed, sick at his stomach.

He didn't know why he had come or what he hoped would happen. All he knew was that something had to give. He fell asleep and slept for several hours. When he woke, he went to the motel restaurant for eggs and toast. Afterwards, he bought a magazine and took it to his room.

By noon, there wasn't anything left to do. Mom would have missed him by now—Dad, too. He lay on his back all afternoon, thinking.

Before dinner that evening, he listened to the news broadcast but there was no mention of his name. He went to bed early.

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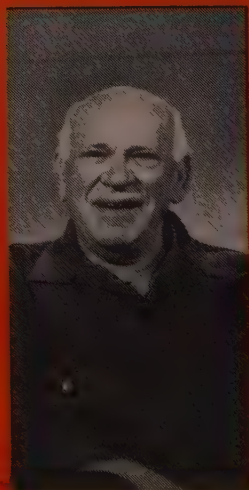
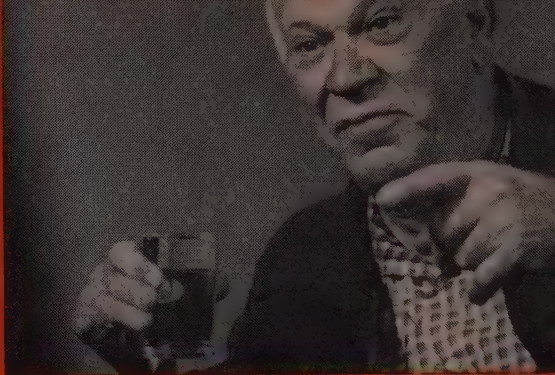
When he woke Sunday morning, he felt rested for the first time in months. Far away, a dog barked. A truck roared past the motel and then another. In the quiet of their aftermath, Larry could hear a church bell pealing out across the frozen fields.

He got up slowly, dressed, and went to the restaurant for breakfast. He was anonymous in the dining room. No one knew his name or his problems. He realized suddenly how completely individual he was. He could run his life the way he wished. Dad and Mom had attempted to solve their problem by running away. Dad looked for love somewhere else. Mom retreated into a vindictive little shell, where she shut out the world and her husband both. And Larry. . . .

He stirred his coffee and looked out over the surrounding fields. For a while, he had almost been trapped in the pattern. He, too, had run for the nearest exit. But someone had to break the chain. . . .

He walked to his room and packed his bag. He had given his parents a scare, but it was not really going to change a thing. In fact, and he realized it now for the first time, there was nothing at all he could do to solve their problem. But he was going back. He could not fill the gap in his mother's life that Dad had left, and he would have to help her see that. And he wasn't going to drive his Dad even further away by digs and snide remarks. If he met Dad in public with Evelyn, he wouldn't run from it. Let Dad and Evelyn do the running and the excusing. He would take his parents as they were, with prayers for them both. As long as he lived his own life well, he would hold his head high. ▼

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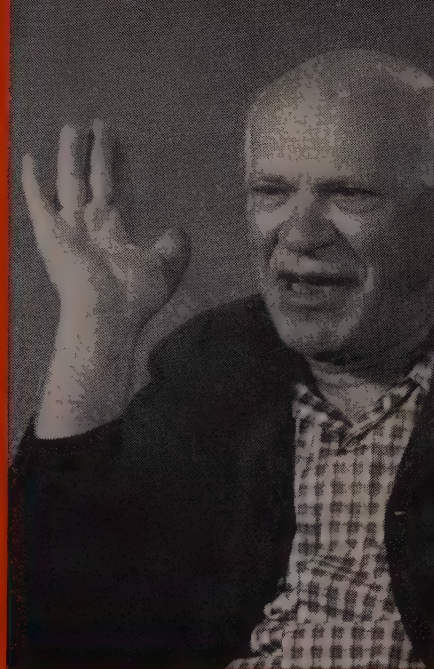
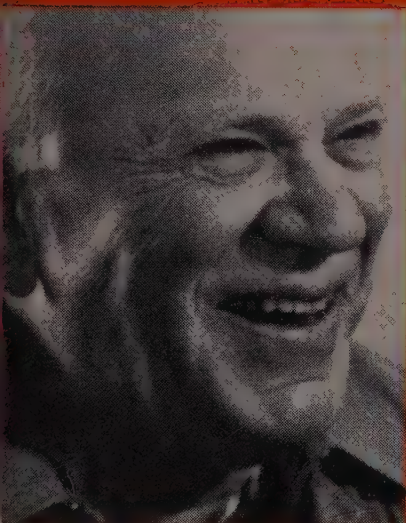
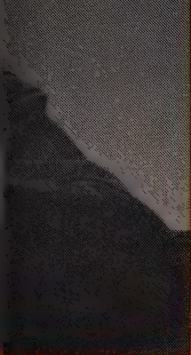


The Passionate State of Mind...

ERIC HOFFER'S VIEWS ON
AMERICA AND AMERICANS

On Friday, September 22, in the East Room of the White House, President Johnson opened an address with this statement: "On television earlier this week, Eric Hoffer said, 'America is the only new thing in history.'" The telecast that the President referred to, "Eric Hoffer: The Passionate State of Mind," was seen as a CBS News Special, September 19, on the CBS-TV Network and rebroadcast on November 14.

"A man could speak and write all his life and not accomplish what Eric Hoffer accomplished in one hour on CBS-TV last September 19," said Eric Sevareid. "If I had done nothing else in broadcasting these last years, I would feel the years well spent because of this one hour. . . . It was



something like Churchill talking to the English people in a dark time."

Hoffer, 65, a manual laborer all his life and for the last 25 years a San Francisco longshoreman, is a self-educated historian and philosopher and author of four books (*The True Believer*, *The Ordeal of Change*, *The Temper of Our Time*, and *The Passionate State of Mind*) and many articles. Between the ages of seven and 15 he was blind. He never went to school, yet the University of California tried to hire him as a full professor.

"Hoffer's ideas are read and heard by people with the startled sense of recognition that this is original, profound, and simple," Severeid notes. ►
"Some people call it genius."

The conversation between Eric Sevareid and Eric Hoffer ranged from the intellectuals' role in history to California politics, from hippies to business, from the Vietnam War to the situation of American Negroes. It was basically, a conversation about life.

With the permission of the Columbia Broadcasting System, we have excerpted some of Mr. Hoffer's statements from that special broadcast concentrating on his ideas on himself and America. You may agree with Mr. Hoffer's views—or you may disagree. But to listen to and understand him is to listen to and understand how the United States came to be.

In response to Mr. Sevareid's question, Mr. Hoffer made the following observations:

I am really average. If you want to know how the average longshoreman is going to vote on anything, you ask me. They're going to vote exactly the way I'm going to vote, not because I propagandize them but because I am one of them. I just happen to be interested in ideas. What's wrong with that? I think you could be a Michelangelo and still be a plain working man, see. This is what I am. They know that no matter how many books I write, I'm still one of them, all my reactions.

America is for the poor, Mr. Sevareid. Only we have a good time in this country. The rich have it much better elsewhere—better service, more deference. Even in Russia the rich are better off than they are here. And certainly the intellectuals are better off everywhere else. You know, the only people who really feel at home in this country are the common people. America is God's gift to the poor, see. And that's what it is. For the first time in history, the common people could do things on their own. We are a business civilization, this civilization. But this is the only mass civilization there ever was. The masses, Mr. Sevareid, eloped with history to America and we have been living in common-law marriage with it, you know, without the incantations of the intellectuals there.

I'm convinced that the intellectuals, as a type, as a group, are more corrupted by power than any other human type. Well, in this country the intellectuals are not in power, see. Now take the simple thing. People ask me: How about the mass movements in this country? And I tell them that mass movements haven't got a chance in this country for the simple reason that mass movements are not started by the masses. Mass movements are started by intellectuals.

And in this country the intellectual has neither status, nor prestige, nor influence. I mean, we, the common people, are not impressed by the intellectuals, see. Not really hate, but a disdain for the pencil-pushers, see. We have seen the pencil-pushers working even on the water-front. And we actually define efficiency by the small number of pencil-pushers, you know. If you ask me, what do I call an efficient society, I would say

ratio between the supervisory, between the office personnel, and the producing personnel, see. (The smaller the amount of supervision) the better, the healthier, the more vigorous a society. And you know where it's highest? The highest supervisory personnel is where the intellectuals are in power—in the Communist countries. There one-half of the population is supervising the other half. Who comes next after the Communists? Britain.

In other words, wherever intellectuals are in power, you'll have an enormous population of supervisory personnel. And why? Because they have a tremendous contempt for the masses. The intellectual cannot operate unless he's convinced that the masses are lazy, incompetent, dishonest, that you have to breathe down their necks, that you have to watch them all the time. And this is where we are sitting pretty, Mr. Severeid, because the masses perform only if you leave them alone, like weeds. That's where we are at our best.

Let me tell you a story. During the Depression, a construction company had to build a road in the San Bernadino Mountains and the man who was in charge, instead of calling up an employment agency and asking for so many men, sent out two empty trucks to skid row. And anybody who could climb up on that truck was hired, even if you had only one leg. They drove us out to the San Bernadino Mountains, they dumped us on the side of the hill. The company had only one man on the job and he didn't even open his mouth. We found there bundles of equipment and supplies and then we started to sort ourselves out.

Mr. Severeid, whenever I think of that thing there, I—it's the most glorious experience I ever had. We had so many carpenters, so many blacksmiths, so many cooks, so many foremen, so many men who could drive a bulldozer, handle a jackhammer. We put up the tents, put up the cook's shack, the toilet, the shower bath, cooked supper.

Next morning, went out and started to build a road. If we had to write the Constitution there would have been somebody there who knew all the "whereases" and the "wherefores." And we could have built America—we were just a shovelfull of slime scooped off the pavement of skid row, yet we could have built America on the side of the hill in the San Bernadino Mountains. Now you show me anywhere in the world with such a diffuse competence. It's fantastic. In other words, when I talk about Americans being a skilled people, I don't mean only technical skills, I mean social and political skills.

You know, this has been my definition always, see: The vigor of a society should be gauged by its ability to get along without outstanding leaders. When I said that at the University of Stanford, all the young intellectuals were up in arms. They ran after me after I finished and said, "Mr. Hoffer, the vigor of a society should be gauged by its ability to produce great

leaders." And then I stood there and I said, "Brother, this is just what happened. Precisely a society that can get along without leaders is the one that's producing leaders."

The power (in Washington) is in the hands of a Johnson and Johnson not an intellectual, although he has been a school teacher. Johnson is one of us, and this is why I have faith in him, see. The intellectuals are important people, I suppose. After all, they produce all our books, paint all our paintings, and all sculpture. And our science, where would we be without our intellectuals? And I say pamper them, pet them, give them everything they want, but not power! Not power!

If it wasn't for the question of drugs, I would be all for the hippies because it's a healthy reaction against the rat race. And now with automation coming on, we have to know how to enjoy leisure. Now we don't know what the drugs are going to do to many of them—how many of them are going to be flawed, destroyed, wasted, because this is a transitory period. . . . No country is a good country for its juveniles, you know. Any time you have to adjust yourself to a situation, it's—one of the chief characteristics of the human uniqueness is that instead of changing yourself, you want to change the thing that you are supposed to adjust yourself to, see. But the main thing now is that the young are assuming the intellectual attitude. And the intellectual, you know, has always been against the middle class, all through the 19th century.

I would say that the first effect of Americanization is the deproletarianization of the working man. He ceases to be a proletarian. He thinks he is as good as everybody else. He wants to look like everybody else. You know the first effect of Americanization on a country is that the working man insists on having lockers and shower baths in the factories. They want to change into street clothes when they get out of the factory and—that you couldn't recognize he's a working man unless you look at his hands.

The only new thing in history is America. It's blasphemous to say that, you know, but it's true. It's true. And—and you know when I talk about the common people in America to some of these professors, you know what I feel? I feel like I'm talking about the mysterious people living on the mysterious continent. They don't know nothing about us. Nothing! We are just a bunch of saps. They tell us how to vote. They tell us how to do everything, although we elected Roosevelt four times in the teeth of all the newspapers, in the teeth of Wall Street. And we elected Truman when the newspapers said Dewey was elected. It doesn't convince them.

We (as a country) are so big that foreign affairs don't count. The only reason we are interested in foreign affairs is that we have to prevent a third world war. The immigrants came to this country. They had to learn a new language. They had to watch the game. We are a learning people.

We learn from experience—about the only nation that learns from experience. And we have learned our lesson in the 1930's. We know how third world wars start and how to prevent them. And the way to prevent a third world war is to pick the potential bully and get as close to him as possible and breathe down his neck until he settles down. You do not start a third world war when a democracy throws its weight around facing a bully. World wars are started when the democracies are too unprepared, too cowardly, too reasonable, too frightened, too tired, too humanitarian.

Any longshoreman will tell you what Negroes should do is to dovetail the Negro's difficulties into opportunities for growth. You have the Negro slums, right? You have Negro unemployed. Now what a Negro has to do is mass training of these Negro unemployed into skilled carpenters, masons, plasterers, plumbers, painters. He has to master the art of slum renovation. It's a whole technique now developed. And then you organize these Negro workers into a solid black union. Then you renovate the slums. You don't worry about who owns the slums. After you have renovated the slums, you challenge the discriminating white unions to open up or get wiped out. And this is the way you get power. Any time a Negro leader proposes this, the money will come flying to him from government, from private corporations. And they are just beginning to realize it. You waste your energies on demonstrations, on riots. They do not produce one atom of pride. Pride. This is what the Negro needs.

You don't get pride by having other people do your work for you—or giving you things. And this is why I say now, the only hope for the Negro are these Negro veterans out of Vietnam. The tremendous performance of the Negroes in Vietnam, you know, has been generating a pride that's radiating across the Pacific and reaching into many Negro households. Vietnam is going to do for the Negro what Israel has done for the Jews, see. They are proving themselves there. And if I was a Negro leader, I would pitch a tent on the water edge and grab those Negro veterans as they come back. They are the seed of the future. They are the kind of leaders that the Negro needs. The moment the Negro is proud of being a Negro, he'll cease worrying about being a Negro.

This is a fantastic country, and it's a good country to me. I'll tell you why. I think a country, a society is good where a person can feel first of all a human being before he's anything else. And this is what I felt all my life here. I always, when I sit down to write, when I get to my room, I'm a human being first and only secondly a working man, only secondly an American, only—and so on—see. And so I never felt like a working man, although I've been working all my life, you know. I just felt like Eric Hoffer all my life. That's it.



Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid. . . .

Here we are, God;
We are tall and short;
We are lean and large.

Here we are, God;
Some of us are shook up;
Some of us are loose;
Some of us don't even know.

Here we are, God;
We think we want to be useful;
But we feel like we're only being used;
We even want to be faithful;
But we can't find anything to believe.

Here we are, God;
Don't let anybody know we're afraid;
Don't tell anyone that we have no hope;
We're sorry your Son got killed.
They tell us this was a good thing;
But to us it just seems that nice guys
finish last.

Here we are, God;
We are all we've got;
But we don't know what we've got.
We are here to begin;
But we don't know what we're beginning.
It's hard to pray and worse to think.
God, are you ever confused?
God, do things ever bug you?

Tell us, God, because here we are.

. . . Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee and worthily magnify thy holy Name; through Christ, our Lord. Amen.

ON
THE
COLLECT
FOR
PURITY

John McAllister
Assistant Rector
Trinity Episcopal Church
Asheville, N. C.